Methodist Episcopalianism

Chandler

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METHODIST

EPISCOPALIANISM

BY MRS. G. W. CHANDLER,

Author of "Anthe"

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NOTE.

THIS treatise is composed of brief papers prepared at the request of the *Methodist Episcopal Alliance* of students in Cornell University, and read before that body; afterward re-read, by request, before the students' *Presbyterian Union* in the same University. The following resolution led to their publication:

Resolved, That it is our sense, as members of the Methodist Episcopal Alliance of Cornell University, that the series of papers on "Methodist Episcopalianism" presented before us during the winter and spring terms of 1888 by Mrs. G. W. Chandler is the clearest and most attractive exposition of the subject of which we have knowledge; that it has given us a higher conception of the origin, achievements, and destiny of Methodism; that it has inspired us with a new zeal for our Church, and that it merits a circulation throughout our whole Church. We therefore recommend that the series be published by the Methodist Episcopal Publishing House for wide circulation.

The above resolution and recommendation were adopted by unanimous vote of the Methodist Episcopal Alliance of Cornell University May 26, 1888.

AUTHOR.

TO

THE HONORED BAND

OF

METHODIST EPISCOPAL STUDENTS

IN

CORNELL UNIVERSITY

THIS LITTLE VOLUME IS RESPECTFULLY

Dedicated.

PREFACE.

NOTHING is claimed for these papers but an honest desire to help the young men and young women at whose request they were prepared. History is accessible to all. Facts can be learned by those who will seek after them. I have only brought salient points near together that those whose time was already crowded could pause a little to listen to them while on the way from one duty to another.

Not thinking that these sketches would live after the hour of their presentation to those for whom they were prepared, and feeling sure that only my own eyes would ever see them, all notes of refer-

ence were destroyed as their subject-matter was used, myself feeling satisfied with their source and genuineness. To give them now would necessitate a repetition of the work of five months. In this matter permit me to beg a kindly forbearance.

Critical eyes may find, in some cases, that quotation-marks do not appear where they should. In the haste of copying, and having no thought of printer's ink, these may have been overlooked; but I am almost sure that in more than one case such marks surround my own words, for in the last reading a fear possessed me that took away the power of judging whether certain expressions or thoughts were original.

With any thing but confidence do I finally let these bits of paper go out of my hand. The criticisms found in them are

the expression of strong personal conviction. Only an unprejudiced reading is asked for them.

It would have been easier to occupy the twenty or thirty minutes of each of three evenings with commendatory words of a great Church. But the genius of our beloved Methodism has been so misrepresented and misunderstood—strange to acknowledge, by those who are *of us* as well as those who are outside (the latter, I am convinced, being chiefly misled by the former)—and we have so often grieved the loss from our communion of noble, high-minded young workers, that when a request for these papers came to me from the President of the *Alliance* it is hardly to be wondered at that it should have seemed a duty to express such convictions before the young persons who were soon to go out into the

world, to take their places in missionary fields, in the pulpit, and the other learned professions, or as accomplished lay members in the Church of Christ.

But, when each several evening came for reading, I have to confess to a strong temptation to omit certain paragraphs until rebuked by conscience for lack of moral courage. Afterward, the expressions of thanks received from those alert minds covered, in each instance, the very ground upon which I had stood with such cowardly misgiving. I. C. C.

METHODIST EPISCOPALIANISM.

I.

THE name *Methodist* is a hundred years older than Charles Wesley's formation of the Holy Club in Oxford. It was applied to Nonconformists "for their views respecting the method of man's justification before God." A class of high Calvinistic divines in England about the time of Wesley also bore the title. "The American societies existed nearly four years under the express title of an Episcopal Church with the approbation of Wesley. The Church in America adhered to the doctrines and discipline of the Church of England

until the tie was dissolved by the war of the Revolution, when Thomas Coke was appointed by John Wesley as Bishop to meet the exigency." "The main feature of the discipline of the English Church consists in its episcopal superintendence, and American Methodism certainly resembles it in this." Wesley did not ordain ministers in England because he was determined to violate as little as possible the established order of the Church to which he belonged. But in America there were none to baptize or administer the sacrament; so he declared that his scruples were at an end. It was a case of necessity to meet the needs of the new country; and this is how we, as a Church, fell out by the way in the so-called order of apostolic succession.

"The *rationale* of the Methodism of

the last century," says an eloquent writer, "must always be thought worthy of the most serious regard; in fact, that great religious movement has, immediately or remotely, so given an impulse to Christian feeling and profession on all sides that it has come to present itself as the starting-point of modern religious history."

As our Church has given the largest honor to the labors of devout women it is well to record here the answer of Susanna Wesley when her greatest son questioned whether he ought to leave her to come to this country as a missionary. "I can be," he said, "the staff of her age, her chief support and comfort." Her reply showed the heroic fiber of her soul—this aged, widowed, dependent mother. "If I had twenty sons," she said, "I should rejoice that they were

all so employed, though I should never see them again."

This answer resulted in the departure from London for America on the 14th of October, 1735, of the two Wesleys, with Ingham and Delamotte. The Wesleys came to America as a sort of penance, to purchase, by rigorous self-sacrifice, the peace of soul they so desired. But, so strangely does God ordain, they were taught where they came to teach. A Moravian pastor questioned John Wesley so closely upon the witness of the Spirit as to greatly arouse him; still, although his father had died in that faith, he was not ready for its acceptance. The old idea of winning by works that which is offered as a free gift held him. His food was bread and water, he slept on the ground, and went barefooted, to encourage the poor. This

severity lost him influence, and, fifteen months after Charles had returned with a discouraged heart to England, John followed him. Severe penance did not satisfy his heart. The pitiful entries in his journals concerning his lack of ability to believe that his sins were forgiven make very pathetic reading.

1776 dates the true epoch of American Methodism, and this is the beginning of its beginning: In 1758 John Wesley found in the County of Limerick, Ireland, a cluster of miserable Teutonic villages, whose inhabitants had been for nearly half a century without pastors who could speak their language. They were thoroughly demoralized; noted for drunkenness, profanity, and utter neglect of religion. But after Mr. Wesley's itinerants had visited the place and labored among them a large chapel

was erected in the center of the leading town. Wesley says that three such villages were hardly to be found anywhere else in England or Ireland. "There was no cursing nor swearing, no Sabbath-breaking, no drunkenness, no ale-house in any of them. They had become a serious, thinking people, and their diligence had turned all their land into a garden."

This seed was in about two years' time transplanted in America, and thirty years later, at the time of Wesley's death, its "vigorous boughs extended from Canada to Georgia, from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, sheltering more than sixty-three thousand of communicants and two hundred and fifty traveling preachers. In thirty years more, in 1820, American Methodism numbered over seventeen thousand

more than the parent Church, including all its foreign dependencies."

These Palatines of Limerick, Ireland, these German–Irishmen, whose conversion led to so great results, were first "driven from the Palatinate on the Rhine by the papal troops of Louis XIV., and were provided for by Queen Anne, some in England, some in Ireland, some in America." The Teutonic Methodists in the County of Limerick, who were the real founders of American Methodism, were descendants of those persecuted Protestants "whose persecutions led to some of the most energetic developments of Protestantism in the modern history of religion."

"On a spring morning in 1760 a group of emigrants might have been seen at the custom-house quay, Limerick, preparing to embark for America.

. . . They were Palatines from Balligarrane and were" accompanied by crowds of friends. The leader seemed to be Philip Embury, "a young man with a thoughtful look and resolute bearing." Barbara Heck, his cousin, accompanied by her husband, Paul Heck, was of the group. Embury had been converted in 1752, after hearing John Wesley preach in Ireland. He became the first class-leader and local preacher of Methodism on our continent, while Barbara Heck, known to us as a mother in Israel, was the one who should urge him to the performance of duty.

This party of emigrants numbered less than twenty. After their arrival in New York, all save those named lost their sense of the fear of God and sank into different degrees of sin. Late in 1765 another vessel arrived, bringing a

few more Wesleyans. On visiting them upon one occasion Barbara Heck found some of the party engaged in a game of cards. With impulsive zeal she seized the cards, threw them into the fire, most solemnly warned the company of their danger and duty, and then went immediately to the dwelling of Embury, and, confessing what she had done, she "appealed to him to be silent no longer, but to preach the word. She turned aside his excuses," her grief and earnestness touched his heart, and when she urged him to begin at once, in his own house, "he consented, and she went out and brought in four persons, who, with herself, constituted his audience. After singing and prayer he preached to them, and enrolled them in a class, continuing thereafter to preach to them weekly." The house of the preacher grew too small,

a larger room was hired, and provided for by contributions. In a short time two classes were organized. Embury's labors were widely extended, and included the alms-house, where the poor heard him gladly.

If you will pardon a little digression I would like to say privately, to you, that I have always been a little mortified over this one act of our first American mother in Israel. Zeal is good; but it should have no fellowship with discourtesy. If the card-players had come into Barbara Heck's own home, and against her wishes had amused themselves with their game, a righteous indignation might have justified her in seizing the cards and throwing them into the fire. But she had not that provocation. She was in the home of another. The chroniclers do not say that she had

been invited to visit at this home upon this day, but that, "going one day into the home of" one of these later comers, she found them engaged as stated above. Her solemn "warning of danger and duty" was undoubtedly an inspiration from Heaven. But if she felt God's presence impelling her to speak would it not have been safe to trust the result with him, and to have left it to the Holy Spirit to so work upon the hearts of these persons that they themselves would do the act of violent renunciation? I have always believed the card-players to have been men, because we hear nothing from them. They would not be discourteous, even to a discourteously overzealous woman. But if an equally high-spirited woman had been engaged in the questionable amusement there might have been a sequel. As it is, we

have not been told that these persons were benefited, and though after confessing to Embury—and, by the way, perhaps it is well to own to that word "confessing." All the records I can find simply state that she told Embury what she had done. But it seems to me that a true woman's heart would, some time or other, be troubled over such an act; so, taking a woman's privilege of judging another by herself, I have used the word.

After Barbara Heck had *confessed* to Embury, and had persuaded him to begin preaching at once, we are told that she went out and brought in *four* persons. Perhaps she returned directly to the house where her zeal had been fired, and persuaded those very persons to go with her to the service. But I dare not believe in so beautiful an outcome,

because even the prosiest of historians could not have resisted the telling of so dramatic a sequence.

We have suffered much as a Church through unwise zeal like that of this woman. The symmetrical Christian grows more considerate of others the more he becomes interested in their present and eternal safety. He is not afraid to urge upon them the claims of Heaven, but he is careful to be at least as polite in his address as though he were collecting a note when the time upon its face had expired.

Christ was severe in a few instances, as when he took the whip of small cords in the temple; but who among us live so like to this Great Example in patience, in pity, in tenderness, in forgiveness, in self-sacrificing love, that we dare also walk closely to him in this

thing? Our religion is one of love. Our Christ will not compel men into his service. What is there left to us but to win by our lives, to persuade by our example, and to convince by exhibiting a spirit unusual to the world?

The next year Embury's little congregation was startled by the appearance among them of a uniformed British officer. It proved to be Thomas Webb, of the king's service, and also of Christ's service; a spiritual follower of Wesley who had been licensed by him as a local preacher. He assisted Embury in the work. Following the custom of the times, he always wore his military dress in public. He preached in it, with his sword lying on the table or desk before him. The people were attracted, and soon crowded the preaching-room beyond its capacity. A rigging-loft sixty

by eighteen feet was rented in 1767, where Webb and Embury preached thrice each week to fewer people than were turned away for lack of room.

Barbara Heck, who, since the day of recalling Embury to duty, had guarded the sacred cause "with the vigilance of a priestess," suggested a chapel, and submitted a plan of the humble edifice. "A site on John Street, ever since sacred," was purchased, subscriptions solicited, and a stone chapel, sixty by forty-two feet, was dedicated on the 30th of October, 1768. It became a great power in that city of New York, which numbered at the time about twenty thousand inhabitants.

In 1769, Embury gladly surrendered his pulpit to the first missionaries sent out by Wesley, and emigrated to Washington County, New York, where he con-

tinued to labor as a local preacher, and where he established the first Methodist class within the bounds of the present Troy Conference—a Conference which now numbers more than twenty-five thousand communicants and over two hundred traveling preachers.

In this territory his useful life came to an end. After fifty-seven years of quiet rest his remains were re-interred with solemn ceremonies in the Ashgrove Cemetery and marked by an appropriate monument.

Some members of both his family and Barbara Heck's emigrated to Upper Canada, and were among the founders of Methodism in that province.

From this time we shall be compelled to notice more and more that one of the many marvels accomplished by the Church to which we have the honor to

belong is its adaptability to "penetrate the remote and obscure places—to sequestered villages, hidden mountain regions, frontier settlements and coast islands." The fact that the genius of Methodism is spirituality, and that its chief representative is a living, breathing, rejoicing or suffering human personality, and not merely a stately pile of "stones and mortar, nor a religious hierarchy," partially explains this fact. But it can be more fully explained, perhaps, when we remember that its membership were early taught the value of personal effort and of personal testimony concerning the great gift of pardon which had entered into their lives.

In those early days, if one found another who was of the same faith and communion regular meetings were held, oftentimes in the only room of a log-

cabin home. The members of the two families were urged to be present, any wayfarer on the lonely frontier who asked a night's shelter was invited to join in the singing, and not infrequently gave his heart to Christ before the little meeting was over, and went on his way in the morning to spread the glad tidings of personal salvation wherever he might stop thereafter.

Isolation of life led to the deepening of thought along the lines of personal experience, and the result was many holy and sainted lives, simple in faith as a child's life, but rising with divine help to a masterful grasping of the deep things of God's wisdom and providence.

Another great stimulus to the spread and enlargement of Methodism was that women were expected both to pray and to speak in those "modest meetings;"

and if sometimes the incumbents of thrones have not felt safe when certain thoughtful women received friends in their own drawing-rooms, then the "prince of this world" must have trembled when he saw these gentle-hearted women receiving their scattered neighbors in the single room that served at different times as drawing-room, dining-room, and chamber; where the only light was the pine-knot torch; where the only decorations were wild flowers and branches of fragrant pine; where the only hangings were the skins of wild animals or from looms worked by slender hands.

Each simple beginning was formed into a class, and thus "became the nucleus of a society," to be rejoiced over by the itinerant preacher and recognized as a regular appointment upon his cir-

cuit of thirty or forty towns or settlements.

One such circuit was under the care of two or three itinerants, and thus each little preaching-place was enabled at regular intervals to have public services. Each class was reported at the Annual Conference, its statistics given, its contributions to the Conference finances presented; and its members were at once made to feel themselves "an integral part of the great body of the Church."

We owe more than we can estimate to the consecrated efforts of those early workers, and to the frontier workers of all the years of our colonial and national history down to the present time; for, as an irate divine of another communion once said in excuse for his opposition to the labors of a devout young minister of our Church, "The Methodists are like

Canada thistles. *If you once get them in you'll never get them out.*"

To the brave advance into new and untried fields, and to a persistent, retentive grasp upon whatever ground we gain, do we owe much. That we have not in connection with these made our Church always the great social power in every community that it should have become is conceded by the wisest minds, and ascribed to various causes, according to the mental grasp of those discussing it. Perhaps it is that we have permitted, in too many instances, persons with narrow views, whose only recommendation to consideration has been an evident desire to work, to have an almost autocratic control over the social exercises of the Church, until those with more advanced intelligence have been driven to seek refuge in a communion

whose inward helpfulness and peace have been represented by more outward repose and by the exhibition of less unwise zeal. Whatever the cause or causes may be, the knowledge that leading minds in the Church have been drawn toward this fact, and have been carefully studying it, should encourage us concerning the future.

The economy of our Church so grew up through John Wesley's legislative wisdom that it may be said to have evolved from the occurring circumstances, and as we claim that "practical expedience is the only divine right of any system," we should have been ready all these later years of our history to adapt ourselves to the needs of the people—the most cultured as well as the humblest—in whatever was desirable for effectiveness.

Our articles of religion are abridged from the thirty-eight articles of the Anglican Church, and convey no tenet not received by that body. There is in them no hint of our great founder's belief in the witness of the Spirit, nor of Christian perfection, which latter, being interpreted, means simply and sweetly an earnest endeavor to love God with the whole heart and the neighbor as one's self.

Thus we can readily see that it was not novel doctrine, but earnest spirituality that characterized our early Church. The aim was to build up spiritual religion as opposed to sectarian theology; but the desire in the heart of this great, wise, gentle-souled, yet heroically brave man was not that this spirituality should manifest itself in the violent physical exercises common to zealots. Indeed, he

expressly urged upon his co-laborers, Whitefield and others, that such exhibitions should be discouraged, as he was persuaded that they did not tend to advance the cause.

II.

WHILE Embury and Webb were at work in New York, an eloquent, ardent man, Robert Strawbridge, was founding Methodist Episcopalianism in Maryland. He at first opened his own house for services. Afterward he built a meeting-house of logs, with simple openings for light and entrance, and without a floor. He journeyed through Maryland, Delaware, Pennsylvania, and Virginia, where his ardor and eloquence drew multitudes to his services. During this time the neighbors took care of his little farm gratuitously, and attended to the wants of himself and his self-sacrificing family. When he came to die he was widely and deeply mourned.

His funeral oration was preached to a vast concourse under a great walnut-tree, by Richard Owen, a convert through his influence, and one of his co-workers. The body was borne to the tomb by men who had worshiped with him in the old log meeting-house, who sang as they went "one of those rapturous lyrics with which Charles Wesley taught the primitive Church to triumph over the grave." "He sleeps in an orchard from which can be seen beautiful Baltimore, which claims him as (her) apostle, and which ever since his early labors has been pre-eminent for Methodist strength and zeal, and is at present the chief citadel of our Church in the New World." It is delightful to record the results for good of one consecrated life; but as we turn toward those early days we are too apt to think that it was

because the time was propitious to such results. I am persuaded that a sweet, joyous, consecrated Christian can do as much to-day. The trouble is that we are afraid to speak of our beautiful religion outside of the prayer-room, and some of us rarely mention it even there. If any thing approaching this theme comes unaware into our conversation with a friend we grow shamefaced, and assume what Chaplain McCabe calls a "holy tone," instead of having our faces brighten and our voices take on a more joyous ring. It is a very serious matter. We cannot win people if they think that we are professing for the sake of safety after death what we are half ashamed of during this life.

I once heard a Baptist minister, who is very successful in winning men to Christ, say that one of the leading

divines of his Church said to him at the beginning of his ministry, "John, don't be afraid. Don't confine your personal exhortations to women and girls, but go bravely, courteously up to a man—no matter how tall he is nor what his avoirdupois—look him honestly in the face and ask him to become a follower of Christ. It takes courage, but he will respect you for it, and, with God's help, you will win."

I am persuaded that there are those before me now who can, with divine blessing upon wise personal effort and example, do as great things for the fainting, scattered masses of to-day as these workers whose labors we record did for those of their generation. There is not enough disinterested work done now. Sometimes we endeavor to enlarge a favorite class in the Sabbath-school, or to

build up a pet missionary society. This is well, but it might be better. The best work is that which brings people into the Church because it is not as well for them to be outside of its influence—that which urges young people into the Sabbath-school because they are safer within its fold, and endeavors to add numbers to a society for Christian work because there is much to be done and the laborers are still few. It is not fair to try to add to one Church by plucking off those who hang loosely to another. The world is large; the unsaved are all about us; there are fields in which the ripened grain awaits the sickle. We can gather the sheaves for ourselves instead of carrying off those that some careless reaper has left standing too near the boundary-line. One looking from above upon some of the so-called church work

of to-day would recognize it as a series of foraging expeditions—a perpetual Alsace and Lorraine struggle for enlargement.

It is as though a company of boys were to go chestnutting, and while some beat the trees and coaxed the shining nuts out of the prickly burrs others did none of the hard work, yet carried their baskets home filled. Let us all work; stain our fingers, prick our hands to bleeding, and gather legitimately. So shall we be more like the One who is the inspirer of all Christian effort; who left his beautiful home to seek after the lost; and so shall our characters, by the development of a right Christian zeal, be more like that character which is "all beauty."

The report in England of the labors of Embury, Webb, and Strawbridge

aroused a few English evangelists, who, while Wesley was weighing the expediency of sending out missionaries, hastened with only a divine commission into the whitened fields. The first was Robert Williams, a local preacher, who started for America with only his saddle-bags, a loaf of bread, and a bottle of milk. His passage-money was paid by a fellow-passenger of the same Church. He arrived in New York in 1767, and preached for six years in Embury's chapel. He was the first Methodist Episcopalian who published a book, and the first who died.

This man was the apostle of Methodism in Virginia and Maryland. He formed the first circuit, and was the spiritual father of Jesse Lee, the heroic founder of our Church in New England and a chronicler of its early struggles.

He did great good by printing and circulating Wesley's sermons. He located after his marriage, and died in 1775. It seems impossible not to get facts in strange conjunction concerning this man; but, being myself the wife of a Methodist Episcopal minister, permit me to beg you to believe that if his death was not caused by authorship it certainly could not have been the result of his marriage.

After Williams came John King, a man with gentle, winning manners outside of the pulpit, but possessed with the idea that when preaching he must exert himself vehemently. Some of his more quiet discourses were wonderfully effective, as, for instance, on his first visit to Harford County, when the large audience seemed so to oppress him with the weight of his responsibility that before

beginning his discourse he stood for some time in silent prayer, covering his face with his hands. The effect was magnetic. Many were won before he had uttered a word.

Still, this man, with all his native gentleness, was a source of affliction to the wise heart of our great founder, Wesley, who believed that many were driven from seeking Christ by his violent demonstrations. The records show that he "made the dust fly from the old velvet cushion" when invited to preach in the English church in Baltimore, and as a consequence that church was forever after closed against our denomination. Mr. Wesley thought him "headstrong and stubborn," and wrote to him: "My dear brother, always take advice or reproof as a favor; it is the sweet mark of love. I advised you once, and you took it as an

affront; nevertheless I will do it once more. Scream no more, at the peril of your soul. God now warns you by me, whom he has set over you. Speak with all your heart, but with a moderate voice. It was said of our Lord, 'He shall not *cry*;' the word properly means he shall not scream. Herein be a follower of me as I am of Christ. I often speak loud, . . . but I never scream; . . . I dare not. I know it would be a sin against God and my own soul. Perhaps one reason why that good man, Thomas Walsh, yea, and John Manners, too, were in such grievous darkness before they died was because they shortened their own lives. . . . If you cannot take advice from others, surely you might take it from your affectionate brother, John Wesley."

But "physical effects of religious excitement," outside of the pulpit as well

as in it, "were not peculiar to Methodist preaching. They had been common in the province before the first visit of Whitefield, under the ministrations of Rowland, whose hearers fainted away and were often carried out of the church as dead men. . . . They had been common under the labors of Edwards in New England." We learn from Richard Watson's *Observations on Southey's Life of Wesley* that the "best Methodist authorities . . . regretted them as human infirmities, and recommended all possible caution against them." Watson himself felt that, although such demonstrations did not mean that God was *not* at work, yet by discrimination and firmness they should be, as far as possible, repressed.

In view of these facts does not the prevailing idea that primitive Methodist

services meant a vast exercise of lung power, and that simplicity in our Church to-day means the same, show culpable ignorance upon the part of some of our members, and the same, if not a worse thing, upon the part of those outside of our communion who use it against us?

One year ago this past winter I was permitted to enjoy the hospitalities of a cultured home in Berlin. The husband —a professor in the university of that city—was an acknowledged Christian; the wife, whose parents were both authors, and who had been severely educated in literature and graphic art, was an atheist. Her reason stood in the way of her heart. One evening as we two sat alone she asked me about my faith. "What is it that makes your face so calm?" she asked. "Is it because you have this that they call religion in your

heart? Tell me about it. I wrote the note asking you to come here to-day because I meant to make you talk with me about this thing." It was a severely difficult place. There was a keen pair of eyes watching every expression, and a critical mind ready to make note at the slightest occasion. With God's help I answered her as simply as possible. But when in the conversation she learned that I was a member of the Methodist Church she looked at me strangely.

"Impossible!" she said, at length. "You are not like that. I have never seen those people, but I know what they are. Their men stamp and beat the floor with their chairs; their women scream and sometimes faint away in a meeting. They make a clamor when they pray as if their God were deaf. They are fanatics. *Do* not tell me you are one of them!"

I cannot express to you my grief at finding that the Church of my heart was so misunderstood by this lovely and lovable woman. But think how difficult it was to meet all this.

"A lie that is all a lie may be met and fought with outright,
But a lie that is half a truth is a harder matter to fight."

I had to acknowledge that some of our men do stamp and beat the floor, and that some of our women do scream. But while I told her that such were exceptions I could plainly see in her frank face that it grieved her to think her American friend was one of that company.

Only a few days ago I received a long letter from her, full of earnest questionings concerning the works of various writers, such as Emerson and Felix Adler,

asking me to read Satter's *Religion of Morals*, asking about the school for ethic culture in Chicago, and closing the subject with: "I only know that really good men have all the same faith in the Good. Please do write me this—I want to know why you are a Methodist: Because you were born into that religion, or your husband is a clergyman, or because you think it better than any other Church?"

Why should this thoughtful woman in the heart of Germany, whose friendship is an aid and a stimulus to me, ask these anxious questions if our church meetings had been always properly conducted?

Pardon these personal allusions, but they are given for the simple purpose of showing you somewhat of my reason for feeling deeply upon the subject.

But all this aside. In view of the words

given above from the great names of our Church, may we not believe that when a Methodist Episcopal minister of this nineteenth century engages in violent physical demonstrations during divine or social service, and encourages or even permits such in those over whom he is placed, he goes contrary to the expressed wish and command of the wise and saintly men without whose devotion, self-sacrifice, and divinely-directed wisdom we, as a Church, had never been? There is, at the very least, a gross misconception indulged in when we hear some noisy assemblages spoken of as being of the "good old Wesleyan sort." It is not easy to account for this and kindred expressions except on the ground of *inexcusable ignorance.* When we permit ourselves to be called "Noisy Methodists" and "Shouting Methodists" how

much better are we, according to our light, than a certain class of fanatical Mohammedan worshipers who delight in denominating themselves, "Howling Dervishes?"

The early Church in America, as well as in England, was taught at once the necessity of liberality. Captain Webb used to ask when any one became a Christian, "Is his purse converted also?" Each little gathering on the circuits was expected to contribute to the general expenses; and when I read the appeal to Mr. Wesley for a preacher from the worshipers in the rigging-loft in New York I found the words growing dim before my eyes. These men and women and children climbed a "rude ladder" to their galleries, and sat upon benches that had no backs, yet they could write to Mr. Wesley words like these:

"We want an able and experienced preacher. One who has both gifts and graces for the work. Great numbers of serious persons come to hear God's word as for their lives. With respect to money for the payment of the preacher's passage over, if he cannot procure it we will sell our coats to procure it for him."

In answer to this cry from the sail-loft for a preacher of "sound wisdom," at the twenty-sixth Annual Conference, in Leeds, Richard Boardman, a man of "great understanding coupled with a loving and child-like temper," and Joseph Pilmoor, a courageous man of deep piety, ready discourse, and a dignified presence, responded. The other preachers present, nearly all poor, more than two thirds of them unmarried because unable to provide for families, took a collection of two

hundred and fifty dollars for these two, in token of brotherly love.

Whitefield, the wonderful man, crossed the sea—his thirteenth voyage—at the same time, though in another ship. But he came to die. "I am happier than words can express," he said; "my happiness is inconceivable." He met the missionaries at Philadelphia and gave them his blessing. His last sermon, an effort of stupendous eloquence, was preached the 30th of September, 1770. His last exhortation was given the evening of the same day at Newburyport. The people thronged the house where he stopped and gazed up at him with tearful faces as, frail and evidently not long for this world, he ascended the stairs to his room. "Some vague presentiment touched his soul . . . that the moments were too precious to be lost in rest."

He lingered and addressed words of advice and encouragement to the people. "His voice, never perhaps surpassed in its music and pathos, flowed on until the candle burned away." The next morning he was not, for God had taken him.

During the last years his labors had been accomplished with rare effort. He had almost continually a burning fever. But he desired prophetically and with heroic enthusiasm to die in the pulpit or soon after leaving it. To use his own words, he desired to die "blazing, not with human glory, but with the love of Jesus."

His life had felt its trials. Once within three days he was refused entrance to five pulpits. But he bore all patiently He was large-souled and fiery-hearted. He was admired by the modern giants in skepticism—Hume, Bolingbroke, as

well as by Garrick, Walpole, and Chesterfield. He attracted the nobility as strongly as the common people. In our day ministers learn forms of eloquence from actors, but to him actors came to study and to learn, if possible, the secret of his indescribable power. He preached, even out of doors, in a gown.

Most remarkable results were brought about by the reading of his sermons, which proved that in themselves, and apart from his rare voice and magnetic presence, they were powerful productions. Long before the death of Whitefield a gentleman in Virginia was in the habit of inviting neighbors to his house on Sundays to hear one of his printed sermons. The throngs increased until a meeting-house was erected simply to accommodate those who would come. No one dared offer public prayer upon these

occasions; yet people were deeply convicted. The reader was invited to other towns, and soon four chapels sprang up as a result.

In Mr. Wesley's printed Minutes of the Conference of 1770 America is recorded as having four itinerant preachers. In the Conference of 1771 he again called for volunteers. "Our brethren in America call loud for help," he said; "who will go?" He was answered by Richard Wright, who remained in this country for four years and then returned to England; but another answered him who became the representative character of American Methodism—Francis Asbury. He was then about twenty-six years of age; a thoughtful man, with a studious, introspective mind somewhat tinged with melancholy, such a mind as "can only find rest in labor; because designed for

a great work and therefore endowed with a restless instinct for it;" a man of few words, "of marvelous insight into character," of a severe temperament softened by a profound religious humility. He never lost self-possession, never yielded to discouragement, was sagacious and prudent. Owing to the elevation of his strong spirit, the sublime conceptions of his mind, it was impossible to approach him without feeling his strong influence. "Holiness," he wrote, "is the element of my soul." He was attentive to his apparel, and the dignity of his manner was always easy and never constrained. Wesley perceived the great qualities inherent in this man, and at the ensuing Conference appointed him at the head of the American ministerial itinerancy. His labors in the New World were even greater than those of

Wesley in the Old. He traveled more miles each year and preached as often. Since the apostolic age there has not lived a more perfect example of devotion to principle and to purpose. He penetrated to the wilds of Tennessee, accompanied by an armed guard to protect him from the savages. He had to swim rivers, to sleep on the ground or watch all night with the sentinels, and to "endure other hardships scarcely conceivable to the inhabitants of that prosperous State in our day."

If the history of any country is the life story of its great statesmen then the history of a Church is formed from the biographies of its workers. He was one of the few men whose greatness must necessarily be told "in words which would be mere hyperbole if applied to most other men. His administrative

talents were as great as those of Richelieu or Cæsar." His attitude when speaking was dignified, his voice was commanding, and there were times "when his eloquence like a mountain torrent swept all before it."

He found about six hundred members and ten preachers in the colonies, besides the four missionaries. But he had right speedily to meet and combat the question which rises periodically for discussion, and which frequently causes the withdrawal of honored and respected ministers—that of a settled pastorate. Mr. Asbury himself had "a call" to an Episcopal church in Maryland. Some of his ministers complained of the labor and hardship attending a six-months' pastorate; some of them married and then desired more than ever a settled home. But this wise man saw that with the

people so widely scattered, and with so few ministers, only the larger centers would be favored with religious services unless the system of circuit-riding was continued. He insisted upon the itinerancy. The ministers complained more and more. The sad accounts of his toils and of the opposition he met are very pathetic reading.

In 1772 he wrote begging an assistant from Mr. Wesley, who sent over Thomas Rankin; not a great preacher, but one of the most commanding of men, and a more rigorous disciplinarian than he whom he came to relieve. His severity provoked more than it mollified, and Asbury had to come forward again with his milder yet no less firm exercise of authority. Through the united efforts of these two the then great evil was averted, and all the settled

country continued to receive religious instruction and help as before.

Rankin brought with him from England George Shadford, whom Wesley loved as a son, and who became Asbury's most dearly-beloved friend, a modest, sweet-spirited man, who won many to Christ.

The first Quarterly Conference in America of which we have any record occurred in this year of 1772.

About this time the first Methodist chapel in Baltimore was built, through Asbury's efforts. Its pulpit was built in tub-fashion, very high, with the sounding-board suspended by a cord over the preacher's head. In looking up this matter of the pulpits used in those early times I found an account of the Philadelphia Cathedral of Methodism, so-called, in which occurs the following:

"For a long time it was half floored with rough boards, and its pulpit was a rude square box on the north side. . . . But in process of time it was floored from end to end, and more comely seats were put in it, with a new pulpit like a tub on a post, which was the fashion of the time, but one of the worst fashions that ever was for a pulpit."

The United Brethren, a German society, was formed about this time, which was a development of Methodism quite analogous to our own, and germinated under the watchful eyes of Asbury. Dr. Otterbein was one of the leaders, a man of rare culture. In 1815 they adopted a Discipline which was mainly an abridgment of ours. Their Conferences and offices are the same.

In 1774 was the Great Revival, so recorded, when in some places our num-

bers were trebled or quadrupled. As rumors of war strengthened the English preachers began to return to England; but Wesley sent out fresh recruits, for he believed that "Methodism was now a permanent fact in the moral destiny of the New World." James Dempster, Martin Rodda, and William Glendenning relieved Asbury in Philadelphia and Baltimore. Dempster was a Scotchman, educated at Edinburgh University. The first year his health failed. He married, and joined the Presbyterian Church, "with a distinct avowal of his adherence to the Wesleyan doctrines, of which his views never changed," although he was an acceptable pastor of that Church as long as he lived, which was until 1804. His son was a Methodist and did distinguished work in the ministry, in missions, and in educational insti-

tutions. Martin Rodda remained here but three years. He imprudently intermeddled with politics, and circulated the royal proclamation against American patriots. His brethren in the ministry suffered afterward from his indiscretion. He fled the country, and returned to England.

As war-clouds threatened, Thomas Rankin, whom you will remember was sent out to relieve Asbury, caused the heart of that great-souled man severe trials, and often defeated his plans for labor through his own "honest British bewilderment."

"In two or three years more all the American missionaries had fled the country or had left the denomination except Asbury, whose loyalty to the Church was superior to his loyalty to the British throne." His heart was true to the col-

onies, and he also felt, what was true, that "American independence implied the independence of American Methodism"—a Church separate from the State. Our Church "became virtually independent at the breaking out of the war. Though the constitution which organized it into the Methodist Episcopal Church was to be adopted in about one year after the treaty of peace with Great Britain, it preceded the adoption of the Federal Constitution by about five years. The recognized epoch of American Episcopalianism was 1776, amid the storm of excitement which compelled the repeal of the Stamp Act." The first Annual Conference of American Methodism was held in the stormy year of 1773, when the British ministry passed the act respecting tea which proved itself so costly in Boston harbor.

"Taxation without representation being the grievance," the rock upon which England's hold upon us split, our colonists and churchmen felt that the rights of mankind were at stake. It was a moral movement. The crime of war was upon England's side, the suffering upon ours; but as most of the Christians had come to the New World to escape religious oppression it is no wonder that "Puritans and Quakers from England, Scotch Presbyterians from the north of Ireland, Palatines from the Rhine, Huguenots from France, Waldenses from Piedmont, and Methodists from Ireland," could unite in the cause that meant freedom for conscience as well as freedom of country.

The colonists "were in advance of the social condition of any European population at that time." They had the "ma-

turest social order, . . . the least amount of pauperism," and, the common schools being in existence, they had the largest popular intelligence. "There were at least nine colleges and two medical schools."

But many were suspicious of the loyalty of our Church to the colonial cause for several reasons: Its great earthly head was in England; its superintendent here was an Englishman; many of its preachers here had been Englishmen who had returned to their native land when war-clouds lowered. "Opposition, reproaches, and persecutions rushed in against even the native-born preachers from every quarter, like a tempest." "Some were fined, imprisoned, . . . beaten so as to carry their scars to the grave." Freeborn Garrettson—the bearer of that famous name—was one of those

who suffered severely, barely escaping from a mob with life in his body. But through it all Asbury remained wise of heart high of purpose, and possessed of the patience that is the true accompaniment of greatness. He was to lead the Church as triumphantly as Washington led the nation. Afterward he was "reenforced by some of the ablest minds with which American Protestantism has been blessed," and a native ministry of giant-souled, true apostles were to press onward the only form of religion that advanced in America during that dark period.

So this American Methodism is a child of struggle. It grew hardened and vigorous through storms; an almost miraculous growth, for it more than quadrupled during the war. Its hymns were sung by camp-fires and repeated to the dying.

Its blessed faith in the witness of the Spirit sustained many souls through weary deprivation and struggle, and a belief in the personal care of Christ for each of his children made men the best of soldiers. They grew more earnest in the cause of liberty who took Christ with them over long and weary marches, and though they were oftentimes faint with hunger, and their feet were bleeding, they remembered that He had also been an-hungered and weary; and since they could feel his presence in their hearts and his blessing upon their cause they would not despair.

III.

IN 1776 Wesley met Thomas Coke, LL.D., the son of a wealthy Welsh, family, and finely educated. His earnestness had caused him to be "chimed out of his church, and the mob was treated with a hogshead of cider in celebration of deliverance from a Methodist preacher," though he had at that time no relations with Wesley.

"Wesley had matured the disciplinary system of Methodism, Fletcher, of Madeley, had settled its theology, and Charles Wesley had provided for it a psalmody." Coke was providentially "to organize under Wesley the Methodist Episcopal Church as its first bishop, . . . to found the Wesleyan Missions in the West

Indies, England, Wales, and Ireland, . . . and to give from his affluent fortune more money to religion than any other Protestant of his time." Asbury called him "the greatest man of his century in labors and services as a minister of Christ." He came to America accompanied by two assistant elders, Thomas Vasey and Richard Whatcoat, that he might in his ordinations conform to the usages of the English Church, which required in that solemnity the co-operation of at least two presbyters with the bishop.

Whatcoat's name has peculiar fragrance. He was of beautiful deportment, "adorned with personal graces. His amiable, heavenly, and courteous carriage" was such as to make him the delight of his acquaintances. He was also a man of rare fortitude. Thomas

Vasey gave up a large English property as the price of becoming a Methodist.

These three men Wesley selected as sharers in the serious responsibility of organizing the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States of America, which had up to that time "been receiving its converts into its churches without baptism. It had no sacramental altar, for the English clergy who had been regularly ordained," failed it after the outbreak of the war. Mr. Wesley had written to Bishop Lowth, of London, pleading the ordination of at least one presbyter to administer the sacraments in America. "I mourn," he wrote, "for poor America, for the sheep scattered up and down therein." But, his request being denied, himself ordained Coke—who was already a presbyter of the

Church of England—a bishop, under the unpretentious title of Superintendent. The day before he had ordained Vasey and Whatcoat deacons. On the same day that he ordained Coke bishop he had with his assistance ordained the two latter elders or presbyters. Afterward, with their assistance, he ordained Coke bishop. The Methodist Episcopal bishops were the first Protestant bishops of the New World, and Methodism was the first Protestant Episcopal Church.

In frontier work we can hardly estimate the honor due to our local preachers. You will remember that Embury and Webb, who had wrought so faithfully in New York, and Strawbridge in Maryland, were but local preachers. The itinerancy and this system of pastorate have gone hand in hand as pre-eminent facts in our history, and the

local preachers have been the advance column of the workers.

Wesley's "Calm Address" to the colonies, urging them to submit to taxation and retain peace, was a mistake. It grew out of his intimacy with the great Dr. Johnson, who acknowledged Wesley's paper in one of his most polished paragraphs in the *Gentleman's Magazine:* "To have gained such a mind as yours," he says, "justly confirms me in my own opinion. What effect my paper has upon the public I know not, but I have no reason to be discouraged. The lecturer was surely in the right who, though he saw his audience slinking away, refused to quit the chair while Plato stayed."

But "the day of Lexington and Concord" so stirred the heart of Wesley that he frankly corrected himself, and ac-

knowledged the right of the colonies. He wrote to Lord North and the Earl of Dartmouth, each a severely emphatic letter, in which he called himself a high churchman and the son of a high churchman, bred up from childhood in the highest notions of non-resistance; yet he could not "avoid thinking these an oppressed people asking for nothing more than their legal rights. They are strong," he said, "they are valiant, they are, one and all, enthusiasts; enthusiasts for liberty; calm, deliberate enthusiasts." He wrote "in the same year advising his American preachers to be peace-makers, loving and tender to all, to addict themselves to no party, but to act in full union with each other." Following this wise counsel, the Methodists, while all the other religious bodies were retarded,

quadrupled their numbers during the war.

The Methodist Episcopal Church was the first religious body to recognize the organization of the national government. "Bishops Coke and Asbury, in the name of the Conference in session at New York, waited on Washington, then just inaugurated, on May 29, 1789, and read to him the address of the Conference, signed in behalf of the Church, which promised fervent prayers that he might be enabled to fill his important station to the glory of God, the good of his Church, and the welfare of mankind." To which Washington replied at length, closing with: "I must assure you in particular that I take in the kindest part the promise you make of presenting your prayers at the throne of grace for me, and that I likewise im-

plore the divine benediction on yourselves and your religious community." Other denominations followed the example.

We also remember that, later on, a Methodist Conference was the first ecclesiastical body to pledge its loyalty to Abraham Lincoln, when all hearts were chilled with a sense of awful overhanging grief, when the misguided children of our nation aimed at the nation's life. In the sad years that followed our Church sent out one hundred thousand white and seventy-five thousand colored troops to battle for God and for the right. So in both of these struggles Methodism has fed the heart of the nation by making its interests hers, and by giving her prayers along with the dearest of her sons.

The first two bishops were Washing-

ton's intimate friends, and were often entertained at Mount Vernon, when he expressed himself, upon the subject of human slavery, as being of their mind.

The Revolutionary struggle had given birth to the sentiment of equality and freedom for all, which became articulate at each session of the Conferences.

Asbury says of the 1783 Conference in Virginia: "We all agreed in the spirit of African liberty. Our affairs were concluded in love." He wrote at another time: "If the Gospel will tolerate slavery what will it not authorize?" His care in instructing individual colored persons was remarkable.

At the third General Conference, in 1796, the slave question was again discussed with severity. Virginia was the seat of the trouble. A general fast was proclaimed for the first Friday in the

March following, and one of the sins for which this penance was required was slavery. This subject continued to disturb every assembly of these ministers until near our own time, 1844, when, after the General Conference, there was held in Louisville, Ky., a convention which formed a plan of separation into Northern and Southern Methodism, dissolving the jurisdiction of the General Conference over the Southern Conferences and creating a separate ecclesiastical connection under the title of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. Their form of government remained the same. The division was solely upon the ground of human slavery, which, in the beautiful language of those who opposed it, was declared "contrary to the golden law of God." We cannot cease to regret the necessity for this division, and

are looking toward a reunion upon the broad platform of equal rights to all God's children, whether cut in ebony, as Charles Lamb has it, or in ivory.

During his journey to America Coke entertained himself with books and prayers. He read the lives of Xavier and Brainerd, the Greek Testament and Augustine's *Meditations*, and indulged his scholarly taste in the pastorals of "Virgil," which, he said, "conveyed (him) by a kind of magic power to fields and groves and spreading brooks."

"After landing at New York the three (Coke, Vasey, and Whatcoat) proceeded south, Bishop Coke preaching as they went. At Barrett's chapel, after the sermon, a man went up into the pulpit and kissed him." It was Mr. Asbury. The two embraced. The other preachers wept, and the whole assembly was

touched to tears. The sacrament of the Lord's Supper followed the sermon, and was administered for the first time among American Methodists by their own regularly ordained preachers.

Dr. Coke was unlike Mr. Asbury. His stature, complexion, and voice, says Thomas Ware, "resembled those of a woman rather than those of a man," so unlike was he to the grave apostolic Asbury. "His manners were very courtly. Before we parted I saw so many things to admire in him that I no longer marveled at his being chosen by Wesley to serve us in the capacity of Superintendent." Dr. Coke himself said of Asbury: "In the presence of Mr. Asbury I feel myself a child. He is, in my estimation, the most apostolic man I ever saw except Mr. Wesley."

"Some of the first scholars in the

country said that Coke spoke the purest English they ever heard. His fine classical taste did not raise him in his own estimation . . . above the most diffident and retiring."

On the 24th of December, 1784, the first General Conference was held in Baltimore, in the Lovely Lane chapel, when Mr. Coke gratefully acknowledged the kindness of the people in furnishing the building with *a stove, and backs to some of the seats!* A paper was read from Mr. Wesley in which he spoke of Dr. Coke and Mr. Asbury as joint Superintendents over the Methodist Church in America, and also of Richard Whatcoat and Thomas Vasey as elders to baptize and administer the Lord's Supper. "If any one," he wrote, "will point out a more rational and scriptural way of feeding and guarding these poor sheep in the

wilderness I will gladly embrace it. At present I cannot see any better method than that I have taken, . . . as our American brethren are now totally disentangled both from the State and from the English hierarchy. . . . They are now at full liberty to follow the Scriptures and the primitive Church, and we judge it best that they should stand fast in that liberty wherewith God has so strangely set them free." So it "was agreed," says Mr. Asbury, "to form ourselves into a Methodist Episcopal Church in which the Liturgy as presented by the Rev. John Wesley should be read." As this provision has never been formally repealed any Methodist Episcopal society can adopt it. The liturgical service fell into disuse because the time allotted to it was frequently occupied by the Sabbath Conference meeting, called the

love-feast. After 1792 we find no trace of its having been used. The use of gowns and bands, worn by the bishops and elders, also became obsolete, because of long journeys and the often necessity of preaching in private houses and in the open air, though there has never been any formal action in either case, and any of our churches could revive their use to-day.

It is well known that Mr. Wesley objected to the term bishop on account of the evil repute into which in his own England it had fallen; but, as it had been in use above a year in America before his objection was known, it was thought best not to change.

This Christmas General Conference lasted ten days, instead of four weeks as is customary now, and had its session in mid-winter instead of spring; but no

doubt, with new direction and new helpers, the early Church found that, according to the hymn, "December's as pleasant as May."

It is significant that this General Conference fixed the salary of the preachers, and that the same sum was to be given to the preacher's wife, and one fourth the sum to every child over six and under eleven. I regret to be obliged to tell you that this most commendable custom has fallen into disuse; and that although the minister's wife of nowadays may be the soul of sympathy, and president of all the societies in the Church and out of it, and although her children are expected to abstain from every thing which may shock those ubiquitous persons who have never been young themselves, still there is neither salary nor quarter salary for the minister's wife or child. There

are occasions upon which it is admissible to sigh for the good old days of Methodism!

At a previous Conference a point which had nearly divided the Church was happily stayed. Some who clung to the old Established Church forms had been opposed to the administration of the ordinances by unordained preachers; others were in favor of continuing them. There was no indication that the matter could be adjusted, as each, while exhibiting a beautiful spirit of devotion, felt strongly upon the subject. It had been finally decided to suspend the ordinances for one year and ask the advice of Mr. Wesley. The coming of Bishop Coke with Presbyters Whatcoat and Vasey averted the threatening evil.

During the next few years several of the ministers found the itinerancy so

severe that they joined the Protestant Episcopal Church.

When Bishop Coke first arrived he met—to use his own words—"with an excellent young man, Freeborn Garrettson, (who) seems to be all meekness and love, and yet all activity. He makes me quite ashamed, for he invariably rises at four in the morning to study."

Mr. Garrettson so shrank from the responsibility of a traveling preacher that after having been enrolled as a member of the Conference he fainted and sank upon the floor when he had reached the house at which he was stopping. He was a wealthy young man, and had, at family prayers one morning, pronounced his slaves free.

It was his delight to pioneer the Gospel into new and desolate places. In the great Cypress Swamp, in Delaware, he

met many who had no religion whatever, not even knowing of Christ. When he first went among the people their land and houses, with but few exceptions, were poor. Most of them preferred fishing and hunting to cultivating the land. "After the Gospel came among them . . . they became industrious and happy, left off gambling, tilled their lands and built homes. . . . Experience taught many that there is nothing like the Gospel in its purity to meliorate both the temporal and spiritual condition of man. . . . The peninsula became a garden of Methodism."

This chronicles but a small part of the work of this devoted man, once rich and at ease, but afterward willing to be straitened in any way and to labor without ceasing for the welfare of others.

Caleb B. Pedicord, a man whose ap-

pearance is described as beautiful in its combined expression of intelligence and moral refinement, joined the Conference in 1777. A young Revolutionary soldier, Thomas Ware, heard him preach and became a follower of Christ. Asbury commissioned the latter to preach, but when he called him to become an itinerant the stalwart young soldier answered that he had no conviction upon the subject. Here is his own account of the conversation: "'No conviction, my son,' said Mr. Asbury to me sternly, . . . 'Has the charge given to the disciples, "Go and evangelize the world," been revoked? Is the world evangelized?' I looked at the world, it was not evangelized. I consented to fulfill his desire."

Many names might be dwelt upon. There was Ezekiel Cooper, whom his associates called Lycurgus, on account of

his great knowledge and wisdom; John McClaskey, of the sweet voice; John Brodhead and Peter Moriarty, of whom one could not forbear saying as he looked at them, "With such men we can take the world;" Cooper, the intrepid standard-bearer; Lawrence McCombs, a giant even in those days of giants; Dr. Thomas F. Sargent, who died in the pulpit, and long ranks of others equally devoted, wise, and successful. Such intrepid men were appreciated by Asbury.

We find in the journal of William Colbert, another one of these honored men, an entry which may interest us. In 1793 he wrote: "By the time I had ridden from Geneva to the ferry on Cayuga Lake I was very hungry. I stopped at the house on the west side of the lake and asked for something to eat, but they told me they had no bread. A pot

of potatoes being on the fire I was glad to get some of them. But, to my satisfaction, while I was sitting by the potato-pot a man came in with a bag of wheat flour on his back. I then procured some bread to eat and to take with me, and it was well I did, for when I crossed the lake to Captain Harris's house, where I lodged, they had no bread." Bread was scarce then, and in some instances not to be obtained. Valentine Cook, a fine classical scholar, and able to preach fluently in German, writes concerning this very territory: "Yesterday I walked upward of thirty miles in mud and water. My horse was sick. I could not procure another. My appointments must be met. The rain and my wet clothes were my element and God my comforter." Stalwart Methodism should grow from such planting.

We find something of interest, too, concerning the methods of these men. There was Thomas Smith, who would never give over twenty minutes to one sermon, and when the people clamored for more—O, those good old days when sermons were *clamored* for!—he would formally announce a second and even a third text, and move through another "twenty minutes' discourse like a war-steed in a charge."

Perhaps it would be well to look just for a moment at the life of the one man whose name occurs so frequently and with such sway in early American Methodism—Francis Asbury. "His power over others came from the most rigid control over himself. Notwithstanding the hard frontier life—on horseback, in chaises, on foot, stopping in log huts and in soldiers' camps, he read about one hundred pages

daily, studied hard on his long routes, and by his unaided efforts became able to read the Holy Scriptures in the original Hebrew and Greek. He was familiar with ecclesiastical and general history and with systematic theology. He seems to have had peculiar success in gathering about the standard of his Church . . . devout families of the higher classes. In most of the middle provinces there were now examples of wealth and social influence consecrated to this struggling cause; opulent mansions became . . . sanctuaries of worship for the humble people."

Rankin (whom you will remember as sent at Asbury's request to take his place in the superintendency of American Methodism before the Revolution) could not appreciate Asbury, and his letters to Mr. Wesley were to such effect that the

latter actually recalled Asbury in 1775. "Let him come home without delay," he wrote. But the letters did not reach our devoted leader, for he was hundreds of miles in the interior, bearing the severest deprivations, and saying, "All this is but a trifle to suffer for Christ and the salvation of souls. Lord, stay by me!" Mr. Wesley, soon after, had reason to thank God for the failure of his order.

In Asbury's journal of 1792 we read, "In a camp of soldiers they honored me with the swinging hammock made of a bear's skin, which was as great a favor to me as the governor's bed."

To Mr. Wesley he wrote, "You know, sir, it is not easy to rule, nor am I pleased with it. I bear it as my cross. It seems that a necessity is laid upon me. O pray for me that I may be filled

with light and power, with zeal and prudence, and, above all, with humility." How can we help venerating this beautiful strong-souled man!

One notices in his journals a constant and heroic struggle against a deeply morbid temperament, which struggle adds "a new luster to his unparalleled life and character." During all his ministerial career he did the work of from ten to twenty ordinary men. He had the poorest of fare almost continually, and suffered constant fevers, chills, sickness, and rheumatism. When we remember that he fasted regularly every Friday, and went without food from morning until the night of almost every day, we do not wonder at his sometimes severity, but we do wonder that, in spite of all, his life was so mighty and effectual. His only indulgence was tea, which he carried

with him. This saintly man preached until he had to be aided up the pulpit stairs and to sit while preaching; but he retained his great powers to the last.

An extraordinary man, Thomas Paine, came into prominence in our country during the war, and was now prepared to do hard work against the cause of Christianity by the eminence he had gained through services in the cause of American freedom. He was of Quaker parentage, received but the elements of education, ran away to sea, afterward was privateer, exciseman, tobacconist, and school usher. He divorced his wife, came to America, and in due time became the friend of Washington, Jefferson, and the two Adamses. It is claimed that he was the first "to write politics for the million." He had not so much genius as audacity united with a practi-

cal wisdom. His thought was direct and forcible, though often clothed in a coarse style. At the darkest hours during the struggle his *Crisis* would appear, printed upon coarse brown paper, and give new impetus to the flagging zeal of our starving soldiers. We owe much to him. Washington acknowledged his efforts with gratitude, and three of the States voted him funds or lands. If his life had ended at this time, or had become a retired one, many another life would have ended less sadly, perhaps; but his was a restless spirit. He went to France, united himself with the revolutionists, although he voted against the execution of Louis XVI. He was imprisoned, hourly expected to be drawn in the dreaded tumbril along the sad road to the guillotine. It was on his way to prison that he gave the manuscript of his

Age of Reason to an American fellow-citizen. The author's life was spared by a mere accident, and he returned to America, dropped into intemperance, and died in ignominy.

The popular infidelity resultant upon his writings prevailed in the United States and caused one of the severest trials to our early preachers, until an unparalleled reviving of spiritual life swept over the country, which deeply impressed the whole moral life.

From 1792 to 1796 there was much hostility shown to our denomination. In New England the Rev. Mr. Williams, of another sect, stoutly denounced the pretensions of a divine call to the ministry, and spoke of our ministers, along with much severer terms, as being deceived themselves and aiming to deceive others. A printed letter by a Rev. Dr. Hunting-

ton says: "The modern Methodist teachers do without any scruples make use of truth and deceit promiscuously as they judge will most promote the interest of their party." He spoke of our "heretical doctrines," and called Wesley a "flaming enthusiast," given to "wild singularities," such as "the institution of class-meetings."

This sermon and letter were answered by our Dr. Roberts, whose ability and satirical power were so strong that the current of opinion was turned in our favor.

The Rev. Mr. Williams came afterward—through knowing the self-denying lives of the men he had assailed—to change his opinion, and often invited those same "deceitful" Methodist ministers to his house.

As Methodism is a Church whose very

essence was the missionary spirit, it did not map out a separate plan until, in 1819, the organization of a missionary society was brought about through the influence of Dr. Nathan Bangs, who looked after every interest for sixteen years without salary, or compensation of any kind, and before his death was able to rejoice over four hundred missionaries—some in "the frontiers of the United States among Indians, others in Norway, Sweden, Germany, Switzerland, Bulgaria, Africa, India, China, and South America—with total receipts, not including the Church, South, of more than four and one half millions of dollars."

Methodism has always appreciated the importance of literature, and though some of its exponents have seemed not to do so, and have vaunted their ignorance of grammar as well as rhetoric, they

have been the exceptions, and have been unduly quoted by those outside of our fold.

"Wesley proposed in his very first Conference a school for the training of his preachers. . . . The high intellectual character of many of the ministerial leaders of our Church practically raised the standard of pulpit ability and promoted the popular demand for it." "Next to the missionary development (the English Methodist prized) the Wesleyan Theological Institution of British Methodism, where students are so trained that many of them go to distant lands already acquainted with their vernacular languages along with classical and theological training." Would that American Methodism had such an institution. Our young missionaries would not so speedily break down under the double

strain of attempting to do conscientious work for souls and at the same time learn a difficult language with which to approach them.

Of our hymns, I will only quote from the *Presbyterian Quarterly* for March, 1858, which says: "We regard it as a great loss to the Presbyterian churches of our country that so few, comparatively, of Charles Wesley's hymns should have been admitted into their collections. It may not be generally known that, not even excepting Dr. Watts, he is the most voluminous of all our lyrical authors, and it were only justice to add that he is the most equal. We have never read or sung a finer specimen than his well-known paraphrase of the twenty-fourth psalm, 'Our Lord is risen from the dead.' There is also another objective hymn by (him) . . . 'Stand the omnipotent de-

cree.' . . . Well has this hymn been spoken of as being in a strain more than human. There is (his) noble hymn . . . 'Jacob wrestling with the angel,' concerning which Dr. Watts did not scruple to say that it was worth all the verses he himself had written. James Montgomery declares it to be among the poet's highest achievements. Never have we read a finer combination of poetic taste and evangelical sentiment."

Of our theology I rejoice to say that it is not dogmatic, its sole aim being spirituality and helpfulness. Wesley "prescribed no mode of baptism, but virtually recognized all modes; and it has been doubted . . . whether even a restorationist or universalist, if exemplary in life, could be adjudged a heretic by (our) creed."

This witness of the Spirit is not an

opinion peculiar to Methodism, "but common in its essential form to the leading bodies of Christendom, Greek, Roman, and Protestant." It was held by Melanchthon, "strenuously maintained by Calvin," and "held by Arminius." Mr. Wesley said that he apprehended that the whole Christian Church in the first centuries enjoyed it. In regard to perfection—so-called—he taught that we are "no more to expect any man to be infallible than to be omniscient."

When in his eighty-fifth year he wrote, "There is no other religious society under heaven that requires nothing of men in order to their admission into it but a desire to save their souls. Is a man a believer in Jesus Christ, and is his life suitable to his profession? are not only the main but the sole inquiries I make in order to his admission into our Society."

It seems strange that so many men in these later days should find it necessary to leave our Church in order to breathe a more liberal atmosphere. Even Robert Ingersoll, that bitterest of critics, finds no fault with our beautiful, broad creed.

Mr. Wesley said once, "I have no more right to object to a man for holding a different opinion from me than I have to differ with a man because he wears a wig and I wear my own hair; but if he takes his wig off and begins to shake the powder about my eyes I shall consider it my duty to get quit of him as soon as possible."

Wesley preached one sermon which advocated the immortality of the lower animals. It is of very great interest, for it shows that this man, with all his plans for benefiting the race, took time to think kindly of these willing servants and

faithful friends of ours, so many of whom have such scanty reward in this life for their devotion and service.

In 1756 Mr. Wesley sent forth his "Address to the Clergy," pleading earnestly for the best qualifications for their office and contending that "without a knowledge of the original tongues of the Scriptures no clergyman can 'in the most effectual manner' expound and defend them." He pleaded earnestly for logic, history, and the natural sciences. He complained of their desultory habits of study. "We must, absolutely *must*, cure this evil," he says in his pathetically earnest way, "or give up the whole work. Read the most useful books, and that regularly and constantly. Studiously spend all the morning in this employment, or at least five hours in the twenty-four. 'But,' you say, 'I have no taste

for reading.' Cultivate a taste for it, or return to your trades. 'But,' you say again, 'different men have different tastes.' I say, therefore, some may read less than others, but none should read less than this."

These words followed an ardently-earnest exhortation to his ministers to increase their pastoral work, their personal care for the individual, their instruction of the children of their people. "O let us," he concludes, "stir up the gift of God that is in us. Let us no more sleep, . . . but whatsoever our hand findeth to do, *let us* do it with our might!"

He seems to have been ready upon almost every subject of learning and general literature, familiar with a number of modern languages, and ready to converse in the Latin tongue. Indeed, he

loved to use this language when discoursing upon the deeper heart mysteries of religion, and it was during one of his usual Sabbath afternoon confidential conversations in the Oxford University groves and cloisters with Dr. Böhler—afterward a Moravian bishop—that he experienced the blessing of the witness of the Spirit. Let those who sneer at our Church formulate their thoughts intelligently in the Latin tongue, or let them hereafter forever hold their peace!

Mr. Wesley also insisted "upon the highest style of manners as necessary to the (clerical) office; 'all the courtesy of the gentleman joined with the correctness of the scholar. St. Paul,' he said, 'showed himself before Felix, Festus, and Agrippa one of the best-bred men, one of the finest gentlemen in the world.' . . . 'Take care,' he continues, 'of any thing awk-

ward or affected while preaching, either in your gesture, phrase, or pronunciation. Beware of clownishness. Be courteous to all.'"

The poet Crabbe spoke of Wesley as receiving him upon one occasion "with benevolent politeness."

In his rules for young ministers there occurs this remarkable advice: "Converse sparingly with women, especially with young women!"

A German historian "classifies with German elaborateness the works of Mr. Wesley as poetical, philosophical, historical and theological." He reduced many folios to pocket volumes and "waded through masses of literature to simplify it and cheapen it, so as to give every variety of useful and entertaining knowledge to the hovels of the poor. He projected *The Arminian Magazine*,

now the oldest religious periodical in the world."

American Methodism has been true to his example. Its Book Concern grew up in 1789 through John Dickins, who was appointed Book Steward of the denomination. The only capital was six hundred dollars, lent to it by Mr. Dickins himself. Its first publication was Wesley's translation of Thomas à Kempis's "Imitation of Christ."

No one who realizes that the ministers of our Church have founded and maintained what has grown to be the greatest religious publishing-house in the world should disparage them as unenlightened and uneducated. These oftentimes heroic, self-denying men and their bitterly-economizing families would rejoice in fine libraries and current literature, but they are often kept down by the cramping

exigencies of poverty, caused, in many places, by unwilling and slow support.

We have had faults as a Church. Methodists have seemed to think it their duty to do as did the Puritans of the seventeenth century, "cultivate the grim and the ugly," and to fear "the approach of Satan through the avenues of whatever is graceful and joyous." Many of them have been saying for twenty-five years that if the spirit of John Wesley were to come upon earth and look for its followers it would never dream of finding them in the stately churches where many of them worship. But I believe that the spirit of the man who made Methodism a simple adaptation to occurring exigencies would recognize the growth of our country in wealth and taste, and would rejoice to find that his followers had not been behind in either.

For I remember with pleasure the evident satisfaction with which, in his later years, he wrote in his journals of the fine new chapels which were building in England, and called them "elegant edifices." Let us not permit longer such gross misrepresentations of the tastes and opinions of this broad-souled man in order to suit narrower notions; and when his simple life is quoted in our hearing let us say—what is the truth—that he economized to give and not to hoard; for *there is* a difference between the two.

Woman's work, that we as a Church recognize, began when Susanna Wesley read her husband's sermons during his necessary absence, and many were comforted and helped. When her husband learned of it he objected; but she was not permitted by the loving people to desist. It must be remembered, how-

ever, by the women of to-day who are clambering toward the pulpit that there were few preachers then. It was a necessity, and not a desire for publicity, that caused her to do this work.

Although to-day it is estimated that our church influence includes one fifth of the nation, what might it not have been if schisms had not entered? That was a very serious matter when an infatuated few led off into what they chose to call Free Methodism—which chiefly meant freedom to criticise those from whom they had withdrawn. "The character most offensive to God," says Hodge, "is that of a malignant zealot for the truth," and the so-called Free Methodism has been not so much a "protest against bigotry as bigotry itself." Still, we may be thankful, for the sect serves as a sort of safety-valve to that zeal

without knowledge which we cannot utilize.

In 1824 lay representation and kindred questions began to excite the Conferences. Personal passions marred inquiry, and in 1830 a new body—the Protestant Methodist Church—was founded "by men whose character, talents, and prestige as eminent preachers rendered their loss . . . a deplorable misfortune. . . . About thirty thousand were thus lost to us, and we can the more regret it now as our own elder Church has since adopted some of the measures" which caused the schism.

John Wesley was buried in the early morning of the 9th of March, 1791, by torchlight, to avoid the pressure of the eager crowd. The faith of the devout was sorely tried because of different judgments among even the senior preachers.

Many were the predictions that the hope of Methodism was buried with its founder. It was surely divine care that kept this later ark afloat, for there were surging over the civilized world the tumults of the French Revolution. "The throne of France was falling as Wesley lay dying. For a quarter of a century the throne and the altar, social and religious order all over Europe, were shaken by moral earthquakes." The American people had conquered in their revolution and had brought out of their struggle victory from burdens, the light of freedom from the smoke of war, the blessings of peace and rights of conscience from the din of battle. The Church was enfranchised by being divorced from the State. Religion was standing alone without legal support for the first time, and Christian thinkers in all parts of the

world might well feel anxiety for the moral features of the New World. But through God's help, and because "the Church and the school were considered an indispensable part of life," disaster did not come.

The effect of Mr. Wesley's guidance and letters of advice was such that the Church in America bore after his death what it had borne in different ways during his life. If we study the secret of his influence we find it in the "serene radiance" of his life, so "rarely complete," and we but marvel the more as we study it the more. His rule was always to do the duty nearest to him, assured that all others would come in their due order. There was a trait of military coolness and command in his manner at times, so that he was constantly spoken of as one having authority from God.

"I feel and grieve," he wrote in his journals when trials were sorest, "but by the grace of God I *fret* at nothing."

Poetry and music were natural gifts, and we read of him as admiring the paintings of Raphael, Vandyke, and Rubens.

I shall never forget the day when, after having eaten bread at my table, an ordained minister of our Church, who considered himself one of Wesley's closest followers, looked upon the pictures against the walls of my home and asked me sternly if the Lord Jesus could live in the house! If he had been a competent critic I might have considered his words as rather severe upon my work. But it was not that! Sweetest charity could not reach so far. He was simply expressing a sanctimonious horror at any attempt to elevate thought by an appeal to the pleasure of

sight. Such a man, with his preternaturally long face and his canting voice—one who could repay hospitality with carping criticism—an example of the teaching of our great founder!

Often during Mr. Wesley's never-resting life he longed for a home, however humble, "where with books and meditative tranquillity he might live more unto himself, or for the few who were dearer to him than himself." His personal character was as sweet and simple as his public life was heroic and true. One biographer says that "his friendships were strong even to weakness." "He was the welcome guest of the humble and the delight of statelier homes."

Most of us have read with tears the touching story of his love for Grace Murray. How his brother Charles, with

others, fearing that domestic happiness would weaken his interest in the Church, hastily caused "her marriage with one of his preachers." How, later, seeing their mistake, they influenced his marriage with one who, feeling sure that she did not possess his heart's first and best affection, allowed herself to grow morbid, and to make through many years his life far from comfortable. In advanced life, when both he and she who had been his only real love were freed by death—if death can break bonds, which I believe possible only when the bonds unite those who cannot become one in spirit—she came out of her shrinking womanliness and sent for him, and he allowed himself, in the company of a friend, the pleasure of a single conversation with her. "The meeting was affecting." It did not continue long, and he was never

heard to "mention her name afterward." God knows what all of this suffering means. We can leave it, and all other that we find ourselves powerless to alleviate, with that One who has also suffered, and who promises in a great and beautiful day that he will wipe away all tears from all eyes.

Through God, the man who could thus bravely suffer and still have only sweetness at the center of his life was the founder of this beautiful spiritual structure which has been builded by cultured minds consecrated to unshrinking service and devotion. It has been added to, strengthened, and beautified by the untiring diligence of those almost worthy of sainthood. Its borders have been enlarged by devoted, self-sacrificing souls, until it stands to-day a monument wrought out through the tears

and prayers of those of whom the earth was hardly worthy. They builded its portals lofty enough to admit the highest, and wide enough for all who will enter, and so easy of approach that the lowliest need not lose their way. Its forms are simple and dignified, so that none need ever go astray in worship. Its beautiful heaven-born creed offers a salvation as wide as humanity, as free as God's own great love to the world, and so full that no one need fail of being satisfied. It started with the republic and has been keeping pace with it. Let us advance with it in spirituality, in moral courage, *in all wise culture.* Let us be true to it. Let us speak its name with dignity, and let us forever feel that our membership within its ranks is an honor to be rejoiced over.

CONCLUSION.

SINCE preparing the preceding the General Conference of 1888 has had its session, and religious matters in general have been widely discussed by the press of the country. The ratio of increase of the leading denominations in the city of New York during the past five years has been computed as follows: Protestant Episcopal, 31.74 per cent.; Presbyterian, 8.20; Baptists, 5.06; Methodists, 1.12; while there is an actual loss of 5.78 per cent. among the Congregationalists.

Would not our wise founder, with his judicious adaptiveness to existing circumstances, find reason for action in these statements if he were with us to-day?

The astonishing growth of the Protestant Episcopal Church is, in some degree, due to a desire on the part of a congregation to have a share in the service. Our own services, as a rule, are bare. In many city churches we have a paid quartette and an occasional out-of-date hymn-book in the pews. The members of the quartette are paid to do the singing, and the church intends that they shall earn their money. The order of service is about as follows: A hymn by the quartette, a prayer, and two scripture lessons by the minister; a second hymn by the quartette, a sermon and short prayer by the minister; another hymn by the quartette, followed by the benediction from the minister, and the service is over—a service in which the only thing arranged especially so that the congregation can take part is the collection.

With us every thing seems to hang upon the popularity of the preacher, and seems calculated to set off the sermon, as though he were a theatrical star who chose to be badly supported in order that his own resplendence might the more bewilder. This has caused, in some instances, a strained manner in the minister, because of his efforts to arouse the sleepy interest of a congregation that has had nothing to do to keep it awake and alert.

Suppose a stranger were to enter for the first time a church in the city where he had come to make his home, and should find in every pew several copies of psalms, with other scriptures, arranged for responsive reading. Suppose he found also hymn-books in the hands of all the people, and one awaiting his own use. If he saw a quartette of singers he

also saw that one of them stepped forward and used a *bâton*, thus encouraging all present to feel that something was expected of them.

"As well the singers as the players on instruments shall be there," said David. There is great fault found with the lives of orchestral players, but if the Church were to lay its hand upon this powerful aid and make it worth the while, professionally, for these men to lead lives that need not exclude them from taking part in God's service, the results might reach widely in various directions.

"Is zis ze church where zey have a band o' music?" asked a bright little fellow of the sexton of a city church not far away.

The sexton said "yes" to the eager questioner, and was rewarded with, "Well, I's a tummin' to zis church, an' I's a doin' to brin' *all my frens!*"

The band of music referred to consisted of two violins, a flute, and cornet, besides the organ, and these were only used during the singing of the hymns.

If it is argued that extra music and responsive reading take more time, and complaints are made of lengthy services, the minister might try shortening his sermon. Has he not had things all his own way long enough to make at least a trial?

Then, the members of this model church have made it a *free* church. *They love the cause*, and are willing to pay their money without having reserved seats that advertise, by their position, the relative sum paid by the occupant. If clear-eyed, earnest business men look after the finances of the church it will be possible for the pastor to invite the stranger and the poor to the house of God without

hearing the sad or unwilling response, "We have no pew. We are glad to give our mites, but they would not amount to enough to pay the price for a pew."

More than one city church is going grandly forward upon a plan like this: An estimate is made of the sum necessary to meet all of the church expenses for the year; a respected committee canvasses the membership and congregation, either personally or by post, for subscriptions; and then the treasurer sees to it that these subscriptions are promptly paid and all obligations promptly met.

There is another matter that has long been upon my heart. I have wished for wisdom to formulate it properly, so that its spirit might begin to work like leaven in our great Church. About two years ago there appeared a short paragraph in a paper which, after the paper

had been destroyed and even its name could not be remembered, still clung to my memory and would not be shaken off. It was to the effect that if every Christian in the world were to pledge himself or herself to bring, with God's help, one soul to Christ for every remaining year of his or her life, and if every convert thus won were to pledge the same, and every successive convert, *it would be but twenty years before the whole world would be saved!*

I took my pencil one day and tried to prove to my conscience that the statement was untrue. But I could not do it. The statement as then made was correct. I went over the figures again and again, but they told the same story.

A little later I came upon the following:

"'One soul this year for Christ,' was

the simple and very modest wish of one of the saints of God recently expressed in a prayer-meeting. There is food just here for thought. One soul for Christ. It seems but a small achievement for one filled with the spirit of Jesus to woo and win another from sin in twelve months. A three-hundred-and-sixty-five days' search for a single soul would seem to be a waste of faith and time. A soul for a soul. Is this not more than we usually accomplish? Is it not within the possible? Look not out upon the millions of lost ones and by one mighty act of faith endeavor to lift them, for *this has been the secret of your failure in the past;* but fix your faith upon *one* and bend all your power of heart and will to accomplish its salvation. You may not be sufficiently strong in faith to grasp and lift a multitude, but you may lay

hold of one and assist that one to the cross of Christ.

"Your grandest opportunity and mine is not with the multitudes, but with single ones—at the work-bench, the office, the home; the one in your employ, the servant who waits upon and cares for you. Here we may lay hold of the multitude and bring it to God. This may appear insignificant to you; but how many in all your experience can you look upon with rapturous delight as the blessed result of your work in the Lord's vineyard? May the 'one lost sheep,' and the 'one piece of silver' referred to by the Master inspire us to a more careful and diligent search for *one* soul this year for Christ."

The Society of Christian Endeavor is a grand movement, but it might have more glorious results if all of its active

members were pledged to lead, each, one soul to Christ for the remaining years of their lives. As Christians we are too intent upon our own personal struggles. We analyze and criticise to see if *we* are making progress; but we are not offering a hand to one near us who has not learned the way to Christ. Ourselves can get very near to the Master in that way. We pray for more faith, we ask for more grace; but to what end? I confess to feeling frightened, sometimes, at the wrestlings in prayer-meetings for the salvation of souls that I have listened to from persons who have given no evidence outside of the prayer-room that they were especially concerned in bringing lost ones into the fold.

I would have in every church a society of *ones* working *for the ones*. Thus

we would have a revival throughout the year. One hundred members each of whom should bring one to Christ during the year; that would mean one hundred new converts, whether there were any "protracted meetings" or not. In my position as "intermediate human cushion" between the pastor and his people I have come to think that much of the restlessness on the part of the churches of our denomination, and their constant urging for revival effort, is often the result of an endeavor to stifle conscience along this very line of personal, single-handed face-to-face effort; an attempt to roll off upon the devoted head of the pastor and other church officiary a responsibility which it is not possible to delegate to another, and for which every one will be held personally accountable by One before whose tribunal it will not

be easy to offer excuse. Many of the unchristian are afraid of the very name of revival, and will accept an invitation to church at any time more cheerfully than when it is understood that one is in progress; but gentle private persuasion, if our lives are pure and peaceable, will lead many a one to Christ and into the Church at any time of the year. If we have not some for whom we can pray, then how poor we are! Prayer must lose its zest if only ourselves and a great unnamed "all men every-where" are to receive the blessings for which we plead; and even the ordinary generalization, "Lord, build up thy kingdom in the earth," seems a hollow mockery if offered by one who is not earnestly seeking the salvation of some one.

An old man said once to Mr. Emerson: "Whenever I see you enter a room

I think that I will try to show you how beautiful humanity is." We should try to show our friends out of Christ how beautiful, joyous, life-sweetening, and radiant is his love in the heart. The great world is a hungered for the peace that can come from no other source.

The figures given at the opening of these last thoughts sounded like the reckonings of an alarmist, but the simple problem in arithmetic which follows can be made to solve our future as a Church. Methodist Episcopalianism, with its creed so simple and sweet that it seems but an echo of the beautiful invitation of Jesus, "Come unto me, all ye," may rescue many during this coming year if we will but have it so.

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